3:James T-5 (ca. 1900) 1903
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Havasupai

drag the now exhausted women to the fires, where friends of their own sex attend them until they "come to."

And what did all this ceremony mean? — for to the Havasupais it was a ceremony, performed with as much dignity as we perform our religious services in church or cathedral. While I was dancing Hotouta was giving an explanation to Mr. Bass. Each year this dance is performed as an act of highest devotion to gain the approbation of "Those Above." The Peach Dance is the "harvest thanksgiving" dance — when thanks are made for the gifts of the past and prayers are offered for the needs of the future.

The leader of the singing was a Chemehuevi Indian, — a tribe located west of the Wallapais and living mainly on the California side of the Colorado River.

He was a regular "evangelist" amongst the Indians, — a native Moody, and gifted enough, musically, to perform the part of Sankey or Excell. His harangue on this occasion was an unusually fervent oration, especially cutting to Hotouta, for he was one of the chief objects of the "evangelist's" vituperation and abuse. In fact had Hotouta been a white man he would have gone away saying the preacher was "horribly personal and disgracefully abusive" to the leading members of his congregation. He explained that the reason the tribe had lost so many of its members last year by the dread "grippe" was because of their levity. They had laughed too much, gone hunting and visiting white men's camps when they ought to have been dancing. They were allowing the white man to laugh them out of the traditions of their forefathers. Then he especially denounced all friendliness to the whites, and singled out